

FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[PUBLISHER & PROPRIETOR.]

N. O. WALLACE.]

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WHOLE NO. 329.

TERMS.
Two Dollars for one year if paid at the time of subscription; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, without deviation, after the expiration of three months.
All Bills for Advertisements, Job-work, or Subscriptions, considered due when contracted, except against those with whom we have running accounts.
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Frack of the Bees.

A somewhat singular frack of the honey bees was recently discovered in the residence of Mrs. Gen. Wingate, in Portland, Maine. The Argus thus describes it:
The inmates of the mansion were surprised to find a large number of bees flying about in two upper rooms. As the little fellows continued to occupy the places, a bee naturalist was sent for to investigate the matter. On entering one of the rooms, he exclaimed, "you have honey somewhere here," and proceeded to search for it. On removing the fire board, he discovered that one flue of the chimney was full of honey comb which was hanging down into the fire place, and the honey dripping from it; proceeding to the top of the house to sound the chimney, he found it the same; one flue of the chimney was full and the bees were industriously at work there also. These flues of the chimney had never been used; they were plastered smooth inside, and were perfectly dark, a stone having been placed upon top of each flue. The bees had descended the adjoining flues and found small holes about ten inches from the top of the chimney leading into the closed flues, and through these holes they made their way in and out. They have as it supposed occupied these places for three years, having been kept warm in the winter by the heat from the adjoining flues. On removing the fire-board the bees seeing the great light which had broken upon them, descended to the room and gathered on the windows until they were covered to the thickness of three inches. It is estimated that there are in the two flues from 40,000 to 50,000 bees and from two to three thousand pounds of honey.

Quite a change is being made in the motive power of some of the railroads. All the freight engines on the Providence and Worcester road are now run with coal, as are also all the passenger engines excepting one, and that is to be altered for coal. By this change it is ascertained that about one-half the whole expense for fuel is saved. Aside from this saving in expense, the convenience of burning coal is so much greater than wood, that the managers of the road would not be willing to return to wood, even if the trains could be run it at the same expense.

A happy comment on the annihilation of time and space by locomotive agency, is as follows:—A little child who rode fifty miles in a railroad train then took a coach to her uncle's house, some five miles further, was asked on her arrival, if she came by the cars. "We came a little ways in the cars and then all the rest of the way in a carriage."

Hugged by a Snake.

I was brought up near the Canada line in Vermont, where my father owned a large farm. Not far from his farm was a quiet lake where we used to enjoy ourselves fishing and sailing. One afternoon I saw a flock of black ducks fly over the house and I was sure they lighted on the lake; so I seized my double barreled shot gun and ammunition, and started off. When I reached the landing, I saw the ducks away off by the opposite shore. I at once cut some green branches with my knife, and having rigged up the bow of a small flat bottomed scull we kept on purpose for such work, I jumped in and started off. I had got near enough for a shot, and had drawn in the scull, and was in the act of taking up my gun when the ducks started off. As quickly as possible I drew one hammer and let drive. I hit two of them, but they didn't fall into the water. They fluttered along until they fell in the tall grass up in the cove. The water was low and the place was dry where they were. I pulled up as far as I could, and then got out and walked up. I knew very near where one of the ducks had fallen, and very soon had my eye on it. As I ran to take it, I saw the head of a black snake pop out and catch it by the wing. I saw only the head and a neck of the reptile, and had no idea how large it was, or if I had, probably I would have done just as I did, for I had no idea of fearing such a thing—so I just ran up and snatched the bird away. I had left my gun in the boat, and had nothing to kill the chap with; but as I took the duck, I just put my foot on the thief's neck.

The ground was moist and slimy, and as the snake had his body braced among the roots of the stout reeds, he took his head out from under my foot about as quick as a man could comfortably think. I thought I would run back to my boat and try to kill this fellow, and I had just turned for that purpose, when I felt something strike my leg as though somebody had thrown a rope around it. I looked down and found that the snake had taken a turn around my left leg with his tail, and was in the act of clearing his body from the grass. I dropped the duck and gave a smart kick but that didn't loosen him; so I tried to put my right foot on him, and thus draw my leg away, but I might as well have tried to put my foot on a streak of lightning.

I had forgotten the proportionate size of the head of this species of black snake. I had expected to see a snake four or five feet long, but instead of that he was nearly eight feet and a half. Still I hadn't any great fear, for I supposed that when I came to put my hands on him, I could easily take him off, for I was pretty strong in the arms. In a few seconds he had his body all clear, and it was then that the first real thrill shot through me. There he held himself by the simple turn around my leg, and with his back arched in and out, he brought his head on a level with mine. I made a grab for him but missed him, and then, as quick as you can snap your finger, he swept his head clear around my body, and then straightened up and looked me in the face again. I made another grab at him, and another as quick as I could, but he dodged me in spite of all I could do.

I next felt the snake's body working its way up. The turn of the tail was changed to my thigh, and the coil around my stomach began to tighten. By this time I began to think there might be some serious work, and the quicker I took the snake off the better. So I just grasped him as near the head as possible, by taking hold where he was around me—for he couldn't dodge that part you know—and tried to turn him off. But this only made it worse. The fellow had now drawn himself up so high and stretched himself so that he whipped another turn around me. His tail was now under my left thigh, and the rest of

turned twice around my body—one of them being just at the pit of my stomach and the other above it. All this had occupied just about half a minute from the time he first got the turn around my leg.

His head was now right round in front of my face, and he tried to make his way to my mouth! What his intention was I cannot surely tell, though I have always believed he thought he could strangle me in that way. He struck me one blow in the mouth that hurt me considerably, and after that I got him by the neck and there I meant to hold him; at least so that he should not strike again. The moment I grasped the neck he commenced to tighten his folds about my body! I soon discovered that he'd squeeze the breath out of my body in that way, and I determined to unwind him. He was wound in this way—the turn around the thigh was from left to right, then up between the legs to my right side and around my back to my left side—and so on with the second turn—thus bringing his head up from under my arm. I had the snake now with the left hand, and my idea was to put its head around my back until I could reach with my right and so unwind him. I could press the fellow's head down under my arm, but to get it around so as to reach it with my right hand I could not. I tried it—I put all my power into that one—but it was an impossibility to do it.

Until this moment I had not really been terrified. I had supposed I could unwind the serpent when I tried. I never dreamed what power he had. I tried it until I knew I could not do it, and then gave up. My next thought was of my jack knife; but the lower coil of the fellow was over pocket, and I could not get it.

I now for the first time called out for help. I yelled with all my might; and yet I knew the trial was next to useless, for no one could easily gain the place where I was, except with a boat. Yet I called out, hoping against hope. I grasped the snake by the body and pulled; I tried to break his neck. The idea presented a gleam of promise; but it amounted to nothing. I might as well have tried to break a rope by bending it.

A full minute had now passed from the time when I tried to pass the snake's head around my back.

His body had become so elongated by his gradual pressure around my body, that he had room to carry his head around in a free symmetrical curve. He had slipped from my grasp, and when I next caught him I found that I was weaker than before! I could not hold! The excitement had prevented me from noticing this until now.

For a few moments I was in a perfect frenzy. I leaped up and down and cried as loud as I could—and grasped the snake with all my might. But it availed me nothing. He slipped his head from my weakened hand and made a blow at my face. This made me mad, and I gave the infernal thing another grasp with both hands, trying once more to twist his neck. The result was that I got another blow on the mouth.

But the moment of need was at hand. I felt the coils growing tighter around my body, and my breath was getting weak. A severe pain was beginning to result from the pressure, and I saw that the snake would soon have length enough for another turn. He was drawn so tightly that the centre of his body was no bigger than his head. The black skin was drawn to a tension that seemed its utmost, and yet I could tell by the working of the large hard scales that he was drawing himself tighter still.

Stricken with absolute fright, I gasped, "What shall I do?" What could I do? The enemy for whom I had at first so little thought, was killing me—killing me slowly, surely—and I had no hope! I, a stout, strong man, was being actually held at the deadly will of a black snake! My hands and arms were swollen and my fingers were numbed. I had

let go the snake's neck, and he now carried the upper part in a graceful curve, his head vibrating from side to side with an undulating motion of extreme gracefulness and fascination.

At length I staggered, I was losing my strength rapidly, and the pain of my body had become excruciating. The snake's skin where it was coiled about me, was so tight that it seemed almost transparent. He had found me, or I had found him, in a state of hunger, his stomach free from food, and life's muscular forces unimpaired.

A second time I staggered and objects began to swim before me. A dizzy sensation was to my head a faintness to my heart, and a pain the most agonizing in my body. He drew himself certainly three feet longer than before.

He had darted his head under my right arm, and brought it up over my right shoulder and firmly pressing his under jaw down there, he gave a sudden wind that made me groan with pain. Each moment was an age of agony—each second a step nearer to death.

My knife? O, if I could reach it! Why not? Why not tear it out? My arms are free. Merely! Why had I not thought of this before when my hands had some strength in them? Yet I could try it. I collected all my remaining power for the effort and made the attempt. My trousers were of blue cotton stuff and very strong—I could not tear it! I thought of the stitches, they might not be so tenacious. I grasped the cloth on the inside of the thigh, and gave my last item of strength to the effort. The stitches started—they gave way! This result gave me hope, and hope gave me power. Another pull with both hands and the pocket was laid bare. With all the force I could command, with hope of life, of home, of everything I loved on earth in the effort—I caught the pocket on the inside and bore down upon it. There was a crackling of threads, a sound of tearing cloth, and—my knife was in my hands.

I had yet sense to know that the smallest blade was the sharpest; and I opened it. With one quick nervous movement, I pressed the keen edge upon the tense skin, and then drew it across! With a dull tearing snap, the body parted, and the snake fell to the ground in two pieces!

I staggered to the boat—I reached it, and there sank down. I knew nothing more until I heard a voice calling me by name. I opened my eyes and looked up. My father stood over me with terror depicted in his countenance. I told him my story as best I could. He went up and got the duck I had taken from the snake—the other he could not find—and also brought along the two pieces I had made of my enemy. He told me he had heard me cry out, and at once started after me to the large boat. I had lain there over half an hour exhausted, when he found me.

When we reached home the snake was found to be eight feet four inches in length. It was a month before I fully recovered from the effects of that hunting; and to this day there is something in the very name of snake that sends a thrill of horror to my heart.

BAPTISM EXTRAORDINARY.—The Rev. J. M. C. Breaker, of Beaufort, S. C., writes to the Southern Baptist, an account of a revival there in progress, from which we take the following:

On Sunday last, the 12th inst., I had the pleasure of baptizing in our beautiful "Jordan," and in the presence of thousands of interested spectators, two hundred and twenty-three rejoicing converts. Three of these were white. The most of these conversions are the fruits of the revival which has been prevailing among our colored people for the last five or six months, and which was commenced and has been carried on chiefly through the effort of the church itself.

Choice Poetry.

Memory.

What is memory? 'Tis the dew
Gently falling on the flower,
Restoring its soft vermeil hue,
Paled by the noontide hour;
Living o'er those scenes of gladness,
All too bright for earth to last,
E'er grief threw a shade of sadness
O'er the rainbow tinted past.
What is memory? 'Tis the voice
Of the by-gone years,
That with its sad mellow tones,
Our inmost being stirs;
Telling of the loved, the lost,
In that far-off land,
Unhling us by unseen links
To that spirit band.
Memory! 'tis the blessed dream,
That with soothing power,
Sheds a halo o'er the gloom
Of life's closing hour;
Guiding weary travellers
To that peaceful bourne,
Where the wicked have no place,
And sorrow is unknown.

The Girl with the Calico Dress.

A fig for your upper ten girls,
With their velvets and satins and laces,
Their diamonds and rubies and pearls,
And their milliner figures and faces;
They may shine at a party or ball,
Emblazoned with half they possess—
But give me, in the place of them all,
The girl with the calico dress.
She is plump as a partridge, and fair
As the rose in its earliest bloom;
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume;
Her step is as free and as light
As the fawn's when the hunters hand press,
And her eye is as soft and as bright—
The girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm-hearted and true,
And kind to her father and mother;
She studies how much she can do
For her sweet little sisters and brother;
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort, enliven and bless,
She is just the right sort for a wife—
The girl in the calico dress.

PLANTING TREES AND SHRUBS.—Many persons regard the autumnal season as preferable to the spring for the operation of planting out trees and shrubs. Whatever be the time selected the management should be carefully adapted to the nature and wants of the article in hand. Young trees and shrubs—such as rose bushes—if received from a distant nursery, and appearing dry and withered, should be treated as follows: Dig a trench in the ground just as long as the trees or shrubs and roots, and lay them in this; cover with a little dirt, pour on a pail of water, and then cover all over with six inches of earth. In forty-eight hours the buds will be swelled out full, and they can then be planted out. This is a method which will be found to succeed admirably.

THE COMMANDMENTS.—The late Dr. Lockhart, of the College Church, Glasgow, when travelling in England, was sojourning in an inn, when the Sabbath came round. On entering the public room, and about to set out to church, he found two gentlemen preparing for a game of chess. He addressed them in words to this effect: "Gentlemen, have you looked up your portmanteaus carefully?" "No. What are there thieves in this house?" "I did not say that; only I was thinking that if the waiter comes in and finds you making free with the fourth commandment, he may think of making free with the eighth commandment."

Upon this, the gentlemen said— "There is something in that," and so laid aside their game.

PADDOCK'S BANK MIRROR cautions its readers to beware of a new and dangerous counterfeit on the Bank of Kentucky. The dispatch to that paper is as follows: "A new \$10 counterfeit, Bank of Kentucky, has just made its appearance. Extremely well done. Cashier's signature heavier than genuine."

TO KNEE HEELS OF SOCKS DOUBLE.—Skip every other stitch on the wrong side, knit all on the right, and you will have a double heel that is doubly serviceable to the single ones.

EXCOMMUNICATION.

A letter in the New York Evangelist dated at Concord, New Hampshire, states that it will soon be a question in New England for the churches to decide whether a Democrat shall be received into the church or be allowed to remain in it. The writer says:

Our churches cannot claim fellowship with slaveholders; indeed some clergymen think their souls in danger by associating with or corresponding with those who consent to meet them as equals. If Christians at the North cannot sit peaceably with a delegate from the South how can they tolerate Northern brethren who approve of the principles of these delegates, or vote as they vote, on the great and absorbing question of the day? This aspect of the question is arising in this State. Some pastors have already been unsettled by the withdrawal of their democratic supporters, and the Democratic papers in the State bitterly assail those ministers of the Gospel who dare to apply the Gospel boldly to the subject of slavery.

The New York Journal of Commerce, commenting on the above, says:

The immaculate purity of the Black Republicans, in their own estimation, has never been equalled since the days of the ancient Pharisees. Not satisfied with dividing the churches by Mason & Dixon's line, and practically dividing the religious benevolent societies by the same line, they still scent the proximity of publicans and sinners, by whom their phylacteries are liable to be soiled. So they propose, as the next step in the process of expurgation, to excommunicate all Democrats from the church—after which we advise them to excommunicate themselves, and commence the work of repentance anew.

ROMANCE STILL LIVES FOR DIVERS REASONS.—A young lady possessed of beauty, accomplishments and having \$45,000 in hand cash on deposit at St. Louis, started recently on a trip to New York, in company with her aunt. She took passage on the Tennessee Belle from Keokuk to Cincinnati. On the same boat was a young man who had plenty of everything but money; he had importuned her at home, and kept up his ardent courtship on board the boat. The lady however was hard-hearted, and refused to offer the least hope. The boat stopped while at Carrollton, Kentucky, and the lady and her aunt concluded to take a stroll on shore. As she was going down the gangway plank it tilted, and the lady fell into the water; she was drawn by the current under the wharf boat; the suitor jumped in, went under the boat after her, succeeded in catching her, and finally rescued her. In two hours she was perfectly restored, and sending for her deliverer, and a clergyman being on board, they were married forthwith.—St. Louis Republican.

A NEGRO APPOINTED TO OFFICE.—Governor Bachford, of Wisconsin, of course a Black Republican, on the 9th inst., issued a commission, as notary public, to H. Nolan, a person of nut-brown complexion and negro extraction, who has resided in Madison, Wisconsin, many years as barber, ice-cream saloon keeper and leader of a cotillion band. He also invented the "capitulum" and "tricophorous," two varieties of "dog waters," in general use and circulation for the hair. The commission is issued with all the proper formalities, and the bond required by law is signed by Wm. H. Nolan and by Wm. B. Jarvis as bondsmen. But the Secretary of State, Col. Jones, refuses to file the bond, and on it has put the following endorsement: "This appointment is in violation of the Constitution, and therefore void."

CURING BLIND STAGGERS IN HORSES.—As soon as the disease is discovered, bleed the animal from the neck copiously and then have cold water taken profusely on his head until relieved. Try it.

A Juvenile Dodge.

The tricks played upon the inexperienced visitors to New York, are of endless variety. We proceed to describe one we believe the very latest. An honest and green countryman, from Clinton County, found himself—lost himself we might say—in New York, not long since, and in bar room where he had made some acquaintances by his ingenious deportment. He exhibited among the stores of knives, keys, pencils, etc., in his trousers pocket, two bright sovereigns. One of the by-standers warned the innocent youth against the danger of pickpockets, some of whom he said, "might be present and rob him before he knew it."

"Not by a darned sight," said the cautious countryman, "I can find a safe place for them, and so saying he put the gold pieces in his mouth, and started out for a walk up Broadway. He had proceeded but a short distance before a boy, with dirty face and ragged jacket who had been standing in by the stove in the bar-room he had just left ran past him, and a moment after he heard him bawling as if he had been killed. A crowd quickly gathered around the crying boy, and the countryman was not the last of course, to try to find out what was the matter.

"What ails you? What are you crying about?" asked one of the philanthropic crowd.

"Boo! hoo! I've lost my money! boo! hoo!" cried the inconsolable dirty face.

"Where? how much?" exclaimed the assembly.

"Boo! hoo! I lost two sovereigns," and taking his hands from his eyes from which he had been pressing a torrent of tears, he exclaimed, pointing to our country friend, who by this time was surrounded by the crowd, "That big rascal has got them in his mouth!"

The astonishment of the countryman made him speechless, and the indignation of the crowd at this supposed robbery of a poor boy was undoubted. One of the spectators grabbed him by the collar, the sovereigns rolled out upon the walk, and were instantly seized by the boy; while the innocent countryman before he could say a word, got kicked and beaten, and had he not taken the policeman, who now made his appearance, back to where he had shown his money, would have been taken to the station house. The sovereigns of course, were a total loss.

The moral to this is that New York is the last place in which country people should make a display of their money, even among boys.

NEWSPAPER QUARRELS.—The Boston Transcript very justly says:—In our view of the matter there are but few editors who have indulged in personal controversy, and at its close could truly say that they had neither lost their self respect nor fallen in the estimation of judicious friends. We know that the best men in the editorial profession have looked back upon their personal quarrels and newspaper squabbles as the least profitable portion of their lives. We do not apprehend the public really take any more interest in the altercations of editors than they do in the disputes between persons in other walks of life.

MEN DROWNED IN A FIGHT.—Two men were drowned in Whitmore Lake, Michigan, on the 4th. In company with their wives and a little girl, they were sailing on the lake when an altercation ensued; the men clinched, in the struggle upset the boat, and they fought in the water until both sank. The women and little girl were saved by clinging to the boat until rescued.

A life hating man in Copley, Ohio, named McConkey, resolved last week, to commit suicide. He took arsenic, found he did not die; cut his throat, still lived; jumped into a well was taken out alive, but died soon after.